

The group in front of the apartment house.

Walter was down in the gutter by the time his assailant on top of him, but he still gripped the handle of the money satchel. The big man with the gray overcoat kicked at his hand until his fingers relaxed, then he swooped, and, already on the run, grabbed the money bag. With the man in the blue uniform he ran around to where an auto, with engine going at full speed, was standing in front of S. Colangelo's barber shop, at No. 789 Greenwich street. A chauffeur, already in the seat, threw off the brake and the auto, the two springing to reach their seats, bounded up the street.

The two young men in short overcoats, who had begun the assault, ran to Greenwich street and then south on that thoroughfare. Hardly had they gone half a block, when another black car, almost identical with the first and carrying only a chauffeur, came roaring down Greenwich street, stopped and picked them up, then sped on south.

This second car had been standing on Greenwich street at the corner of Jane, four blocks north of Bethune. As the first auto, bearing two of the fleeing bandits, flashed up Greenwich street past Ann street, the second car leaped from its place and went careening down straight toward the excited knot of people trying to catch the numbers.

It passed before any one could see its number.

THIRTY DETECTIVES SEEK DARING BANDITS.

Traffic policeman Harten was the first to sound the alarm. He telephoned to "Charles street station and the reserves, under Lieut. Bloom, were whirled out of the station, but there was nothing for them to do. By that time both automobiles were far away. Acting Capt. Charles McKenny, in charge of the district, had thirty detectives from headquarters and his own district on the job as soon as possible.

Though there were several eye-witnesses to the daring robbery, Miss Kate Corrigan, a maid in the home of Judge John R. Voorhees at No. 136 Greenwich street, gave the most complete account of the affair. She said she noticed the black auto, with three men in it besides the chauffeur, drive up in front of the barber shop on Greenwich street, near Judge Voorhees's house, at about fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock—fully forty minutes before the assault occurred.

The three men who were passengers appeared to be very restless as she watched them occasionally out of the front window of the Voorhees home. They made constant trips to the corner of Bethune street and back to the car as if waiting for someone to come down Bethune street.

ROBBERY LIKE THAT ON NINTH AVENUE RECENTLY.

At about ten minutes after 9 o'clock the two younger men, who wore overcoats and short overalls, got out of the car and walked up Bethune street. Then, five minutes later, a tall man wearing a gray overcoat, followed suit.

The maid heard a scream then and saw the three running back, the tall man carrying a satchel. They leaped into the tenement and the machine started north on Greenwich street.

From the similarity of the daring attack and robbery in every detail to that perpetrated upon John J. Popper, a commission merchant, at Seventeenth street and Ninth avenue on Sept. 23 of this year, the detectives are certain the same gang operating then engineered today's scheme. On that occasion the robbers got \$1,000.

The police are inclined to link the perpetrators of today's assault with the gang that killed Adolf Stern in Jacob's jewelry store at Thirteenth street and Ninth avenue, and the man who was shot on Greenwich street. The murder was solved in their attempt at robbery, escaped in an automobile on that occasion.

It was an auto gang that held up and robbed Irving Breckman, cashier of a restaurant selling concern, of \$2,000 in March. In this instance, as in all of the others, the police believe the same gang is at work. Saturday was the day chosen for the attempt and in the Popper and Breckman robberies, as in this one, a person returning from a bank with the week's salary was the victim.

GERMANS WORRY FRENCH BY WATCHING WAR FLEET; HEAD OF NAVY NOTIFIED.

Kaiser's Cable Ship Follows Vessels in Blockade Practice and Is Ordered Into Port.

CHERBOURG, France, Dec. 21.—Much bitterness of feeling has been caused here, especially in naval circles, by the continued presence of the German Government's cable ship Gross Herzog von Oldenburg without any ostensible reason, turning a series of important naval blockades into a mere game of hide-and-seek.

The German vessel, which has been seen in and out of the port since the beginning of the week, took up a position last night opposite the principal fort.

The French admiral in command of the port, a naval officer to request the commander of the German vessel either to get to sea or to go into the harbor. The German captain chose the latter course and his vessel is now lying there.

CORT THEATRE OPENS WITH LAURETTE TAYLOR IN "PEG-O-MY-HEART."

A new star, in a new playhouse, named for a manager new to New York enterprises, was presented last night when the Cort Theatre on Forty-eighth street was opened with Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart."

The theatre is of Louis XVI. "Petit Train" architecture and general design. Four Corinthian columns adorn its marble facade. The color scheme of the auditorium is old rose, gold and white, so blended as to impart a tone of subdued luxury throughout. Box draperies and curtains are of velvets and damasks.

The foyer is of plaster and marble, decorated in the same period as the auditorium, carrying out the Petit Train idea, which is still further observed in the quaint eighteenth century costumes of the girls.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, 60 TO 14 DAYS.

The court will return today at 10 o'clock to hear the case of William C. Harris, charged with the murder of Harry V. Vail.

LOST IN MOUNTAINS, HE CROSSED ANDES; NOW HAIR IS WHITE

Young South American Tells Immigration Authorities of His Terrible Experience.

HE LOST HIS HEARING.

Vultures Were Circling Over His Unconscious Form When He Was Found by Indians.

A man with pure white hair, wasted frame and hollow, burning eyes that bespoke the consumptive wrote in Spanish a brief history of himself that made the immigration officials shudder, to-day, when they allowed the stricken man to go. For a brief moment the men of Ellis Island were introduced to the smell of the night which lies at the head of the Amazon and up in the mountains of Peru.

The man who wrote his name, Miguel Rios, though white haired and wrinkled, is but twenty-eight. Also, he is stone deaf.

When he arrived, a month ago, from Iquitos, he was held and was to be deported to the place he set out from. Inquired developed the fact that his father in Lima, Peru, is immensely wealthy and also that young Rios had plenty of gold. But they would not let him land. He begged in writing for them not to send him back to Iquitos.

"You had better like me now than send me there to certain death," he wrote.

WANDERED OVER ANDES MOUNTAINS.

Messages exchanged between the officials and the sufferer told of the scant chance for life a consumptive has in the swampy head region of the Amazon. He begged they would send him to his home, Lima, Peru, on the other side of the Andes. He had the money to pay all expenses. So to-day, when the United Fruit steamer Carillo sailed the deaf white figure of young Rios stood by the rail.

Miguel Rios, a year ago, was a gay young man in Lima, Peru, the only son of a rich father, and he turned night into day. When the good doctors told him he was a victim of the white plague he gathered a camping outfit and started for the Andes, which he back of the town. The mountains had cured others of consumption and Rios went light-heartedly, his guide leading the llama which carried the camp pack.

While hunting one day he parted from his guide and "lost" came down. For days he wandered, living on berries and roots. It is not popularly considered wise to try a crossing of the Andes, and although Iquitos, on the other side from Lima, is only a few hundred miles away, one has to journey 5,000 miles by way of Panama to get there. Young Rios lost track of the days and presently went out of his mind.

FOUND UNCONSCIOUS BY INDIANS.

One hundred and eighty days from the day he was lost some Putumayo Indians, a few miles from Iquitos, stopped to watch five vultures, wheeling slowly overhead. By gauging the center of their flight the Indians found the pitiful wreck of what had once been young Miguel Rios. He was unconscious and dead. His hair had turned snow white and he was totally deaf. Jabbering like an idiot, he shrieked at his rescuers. Careful nursing at Iquitos brought back sanity. It was then he realized he had crossed the Andes.

Still dying of consumption, he determined to sail for the United States in hope of finding a specialist who might cure him. Money was sent from Lima to him by telegraph and he sailed on the South line steamer Bonifacio, landing in New York, where he was held for deportation. The rules which call for the returning of the undesirable immigrant to the port of sailing were set aside to allow him a chance for life in the mountains above Lima.

SENATOR OVERMAN STRICKEN MUST GO UNDER KNIFE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Senator Lee R. Overman of North Carolina, suffering from appendicitis, will be operated on here this afternoon at George Washington University Hospital. His condition is said not to be serious, the physicians characterizing the attack as mild, but deeming an operation as essential to speedy recovery.

Senator Overman was stricken shortly after he returned here from Trenton, N. J., where he had been to see Gov. Wilson yesterday. He became ill and had to be taken to his hotel from his office at the Senate office building last night. Senator Overman is fifty-nine years old. Mrs. Overman is hurrying here from Salisbury, N. C.

VALLON'S BROTHER ACCUSED

Charles Vallon, brother of Harry Vallon, who leaped into notoriety beyond the extent of his own underworld career after the murder of Herman Rosenthal, was arrested to-day after Detective Barron of the East Eighty-eighth street station said he had seen him, jostling passengers on a Forty-second street streetcar and later was held in \$1,000 bail by Magistrate Freschi in Harlem Court.

Vallon at first gave his name as Charles Miller, but when questioned by Deputy Commissioner Dougherty he admitted relationship to Harry Vallon. A man who said he was Harry Goldman of No. 20 East Fourteenth street, was arrested with Vallon. The charge against them is disorderly conduct.

Policeman on Trial for Graft, His Judge, and Alleged Collector



WILSON AND BRYAN TALK 51-2 HOURS OVER THE CABINET

(Continued from First Page.)

never answer indirect questions after I have refused to answer direct ones."

NEBRASKAN PUTS IT ALL UP TO WILSON.

"I am putting this all on you, Governor," he shouted to Mr. Wilson.

"I'll attend to them," replied the Governor.

Gov. Wilson donned his light gray golf cap and a simple overcoat of black which boasted of nothing more than a small velvet collar. He looked almost unimportant beside Mr. Bryan, who was in a great coat adorned with a big astrakhan collar and wearing a black velvet hat.

After they had posed for half a score of photographers at the door of the State House, the two, accompanied by Secret Service operatives Murphy and Taylor, descended to keep an eye on the President-elect, walked three blocks down State street to the Hotel Sterling, the Executive Mansion of New Jersey, in the days when New Jersey maintained a home for its Governors.

A partially inclosed room had been reserved for them, but the doors were left open and every one on the main dining room had them in full view. They were joined at luncheon by the Governor's secretary, Mr. Tumulty.

During the luncheon the President-elect and Col. Bryan kept up a steady conversation, continuing the talk on the way back from the hotel to the State House. At the entrance to the Governor's office they shook hands cordially.

Mr. Bryan left Trenton at 3:15 o'clock. Before leaving Mr. Bryan was told Col. Watterston of Louisville, had suggested he be named Ambassador to Great Britain.

"Mr. Watterston and I have not conferred on the matter," he replied. "Will you go into the Cabinet?" was asked.

"I am not going to day is the evil thereof," he quoted in answer.

BRYAN ARRIVES IN TRENTON AHEAD OF TIME.

Mr. Bryan arrived in Trenton ahead of time. It was expected he would not reach the State House until 9 o'clock, but word reached Joseph Tumulty, Gov. Wilson's secretary, last night that he would come here from Philadelphia on an early train. The train he picked reached Trenton a few minutes after 8, but Mr. Tumulty was on hand with the automobile of Adjut.-Gen. Sudler.

Mr. Bryan came unaccompanied and he and Mr. Tumulty started at once for the State House. Mr. Bryan had breakfasted before leaving Philadelphia, where he spoke last night. Gov. Wilson was at his office when his visitor arrived.

Mr. Bryan paused for a moment before going in to greet the Governor.

"What are you going to discuss with

Gov. Wilson?" Mr. Bryan was asked. "Hasn't the Governor told you?" inquired Mr. Bryan.

Being answered in the negative, he smiled.

"Then I won't tell you either," he said. "It was just 9:30 when the Governor appeared at the door of his private office, the Wilson smile—perhaps a bit broader—on his face, his hand outstretched. Mr. Bryan shook hands enthusiastically, placing his left hand on the Governor's right arm as they used a pump handle movement for a moment. Gov. Wilson immediately escorted Mr. Bryan to a pair of big leather chairs seemingly arranged for the occasion.

WILSON'S MESSENGER WORRIES ABOUT THE LUNCHEON.

Sam Gordon, the Governor's negro messenger, who has had a similar position with the Chief Executive of New Jersey, no matter who he happened to be, for the last forty years, was disconsolate all the while Mr. Bryan was in conference with his chief. The last time Mr. Bryan visited the New Jersey State House, a few years ago during the term of Gov. Fort, he happened in on a Tuesday, which is known as Governor's Day.

On Tuesday all the State officials meet the Governor, and it is Sam's duty and pleasure to serve them with a luncheon in the basement dining room of the State House. That is the only day there is anything to eat in the Capitol Building. So when Mr. Bryan was here before, Governor Fort, then a Republican, it was before the days of the Bull Moose—had the Democratic chieftain as his luncheon guest.

Sam should have had him to luncheon to-day, he said. "The dignity of the State demands it. I know the Governor would have liked it, but nobody said anything and I didn't want to intrude myself. Now, I suppose I am in bad fix."

DR. ISRAEL MAKES DENIAL.

Says He Did Not Perform Operation on Carr's Son.

(By Associated Press.)

BERLIN, Dec. 21.—Prof. James Israel, the noted Berlin surgeon, denied to-day that he had performed an operation on the young son of the Emperor of Russia.

A story that Prof. Israel had journeyed to St. Petersburg and performed a delicate surgical operation on the heir apparent to the Russian throne, receiving as compensation \$25,000 and the royal promise of better conditions for Jews in Odessa and Kiev, was telegraphed from Berlin yesterday and published in the United States.

A note was addressed to-day to Prof. Israel asking if this report was true. The following written response was received from the professor's secretary, "Replying to your question I have the honor to inform you, on the authority of Prof. Israel, that these rumors are unfounded."

GAYNOR INVITED TO CHURCH.

Perturbed by Mayor Gaynor's attack on him, the Rev. Dudley Oliver Osterheld, pastor of the Greenpoint Methodist Episcopal Church, yesterday sent a letter to Mr. Gaynor inviting him to attend his church next Sunday evening when the minister will have for his topic, "The charity of Jesus—by Request of Mayor Gaynor."

Tried to Jump From Bridge.

Abraham Levy, thirty years old, giving his address as No. 56 Allen street, was taken to Bellevue Hospital to-day a prisoner, charged with attempted suicide. Having been caught as he was about to climb over the rail in the Williamsburg Bridge. He was placed in the psychopathic ward for observation.

LUDLOW ST. JAIL AFIRE, BUT ALIMONY CLUB'S STILL SAFE

Crowd Twits Sheriff Harburger, Who Finds Rats Caused the Blaze.

Sheriff Harburger and Fire Headquarters got an S O S signal from the Ludlow Street Jail, which contains the lounging rooms of the fashionable Alimony Club, at noon to-day. At the same time word spread through the neighborhood of the Sheriff's four-story dark domain that the jail was afire and soon the street was jammed with excited men and women.

The fire started below stairs in a closet used by Luke Carroll, the engineer, as a week-day storage room for his Sunday clothes. Luke discovered the fire himself and ran upstairs to tell Warden Johnson about it. The Warden in turn notified the nineteen members of the Alimony Club, who were awaiting the summons to luncheon.

Immediately there was wild excitement among the nineteen, for it was feared the flames might rise so high as to imperil their meal, without at the same time insuring their appetites. Room No. 37 did not move swiftly toward old New York's Sheriff. While Capt. Sullivan personally squirted water on the blaze, the sheriff tactfully informed his charges he might have to take them somewhere else.

"But," he added, sternly, "the first man who tries to do a Yale in the excitement I shall shoot at myself—and I have been taking lessons on the revolver."

Before Capt. Sullivan had completed his attentions to the fire-ridden persons in the street throng were shouting: "Don't jump! Wait for the nets!" to the sheriff, who was leaning gracefully in a characteristic pose against the bars of a second-story window.

After receiving Sullivan's report to the effect that the fire was completely out, Sheriff Harburger announced: "We shall now have an investigation. Warden, hand me the submachine."

But without questioning any other person than Carroll the sheriff was able to get information covering the entire case, from the day Luke first started to exterminate the Ludlow street rats.

"You have been feeding poison to rats," asked the sheriff. It was an odd question, every one thought. Carroll nodded.

"And your Sunday clothes were in that closet?"

"The Sunday clothes are now burned up?"

"Yes." "You were fond of them and did not coal it?"

"Only too fond." "And there were matches in that closet?"

"I keep a box there," said the sheriff, curtly, gathering up his submachine. "It's perfectly simple. The rats wanted to get even and they gnawed to ignition the matches that burned the clothes belonging to the man who bought the poison that killed their cousins."

SERVIA ACCEPTS DECREE OF POWERS ON ALBANIA.

LONDON, Dec. 21.—The agreement reached by the powers on the subject of the autonomy of Albania and in regard to a commercial outlet on the Adriatic Sea for Servia has largely dispelled the nightmare of a European war. The newspapers of Europe with virtual unanimity hail this agreement, the first result of the Ambassadorial "conversations" with the greatest satisfaction, on the suggestion of Great Britain, France and Russia, has declared his readiness to accept the principle of Albanian autonomy and neutralization.

PAYS UP FOR RAILROAD.

Edward Cornell, who, at the receivership sale of the Central Park and North and East River Railway Company, successfully bid for the road against Theodore P. Shonta, acting on behalf of the Interborough, to-day paid \$1,500,000 to the special commission of the Federal Court.

All the papers, including franchise certificate providing for exclusive ownership, were then turned over to Mr. Cornell.

ARMY OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

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ARMY OF NEW YORK.

ARMY OF NEW YORK.

ARMY OF NEW YORK.

ARMY OF NEW YORK.

MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE WHO WAS RUN DOWN BY HORSE IN STREET.



MRS. C. O'D. ISELIN.

MRS. C. O'D. ISELIN, FELL BY HORSE, NOT BADLY HURT.

Banker's Wife Almost Entirely Recovered From Effects of Accident.

Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, wife of the millionaire banker, was reported at her home at No. 3 West Fifty-second street to be almost entirely recovered from the result of her fall yesterday when she was knocked down by a delivery wagon horse at Fifth avenue and Fifty-eighth street. Contrary to the first reports it was said that she had not been struck by the hoofs of the horse and that no bones had been broken and that her bruises from the fall were not serious.

Dr. H. S. Stearns, who was visiting the home of his mother at No. 10 West Fifty-eighth street, and who took her into his office and attended her, confirmed this report and said that if Mrs. Iselin cared to do so she would be able to go out to-day.

The driver of the horse which struck Mrs. Iselin was pulling up to the curb just as she stepped into the street to cross diagonally. He swerved when he saw her but not in time to prevent the horse's shoulder from striking Mrs. Iselin a glancing blow. She was at once picked up by the driver and a maid from the home of Mrs. Stearns.

WOMAN FALLS OVERBOARD.

Hunting for Her Husband, She Tumbles Off a Tug.

Mrs. Mary Mack, forty-eight years old, of No. 61 Columbia street, Manhattan, went over to Erie Basin early to-day to search for her husband, who is employed on one of the boats there and had not come home.

In trying to board a tug at the foot of Warren street, Brooklyn, she fell overboard. Hugo Eberlin, of No. 125 East Twenty-fifth street, Policeman McCarthy of the Amity street station and Thomas Ward, a deckhand, pulled her out when she caught a rope thrown to her. Dr. Duot took her to the Long Island College Hospital suffering from submersion, but she will recover.

BROTHER GIVES HIS BLOOD.

Transfusing blood from the veins of her brother has saved the life of Mrs. Esther Frankel of No. 130 Van Slichten street, Brooklyn. The operation was performed in the Jewish Hospital.

Mrs. Frankel had long been suffering from a devastating disease. Her husband was anxious to give up his blood, but the physicians found that he was not strong enough to go under the operation.

Max Schiller, her brother, then volunteered. A pint and a half of blood was taken from his arm and injected into the arm of Mrs. Frankel. She began to show improvement immediately, and this morning it was said she would recover. Schiller is also in good condition.

ALMANAC FOR TODAY.

Sun. 71. High 72. Low 63. Wind S.W. 4-12. Clouds 4-12. Fog 1-12. Rain 1-12. Snow 1-12. Ice 1-12. Frost 1-12. Clear 1-12. Partly Cloudy 1-12. B. 1-12. C. 1-12. D. 1-12. E. 1-12. F. 1-12. G. 1-12. H. 1-12. I. 1-12. J. 1-12. K. 1-12. L. 1-12. M. 1-12. N. 1-12. O. 1-12. P. 1-12. Q. 1-12. R. 1-12. S. 1-12. T. 1-12. U. 1-12. V. 1-12. W. 1-12. X. 1-12. Y. 1-12. Z. 1-12.

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

ARRIVED.

ARRIVED.

ARRIVED.

ARRIVED.

HELEN GOULD'S FIANCE HERE, STILL UNCERTAIN OF THE WEDDING DAY.

"Very Happy," Is All Western Railroad Man Declares He Can Say.

Finley J. Shepard, assistant to the President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, who is to marry Miss Helen M. Gould, arrived in New York to-day, four hours later than he had intended owing to a freight wreck on the New York Central Railroad.

Mr. Shepard's secretary had dropped off at Rochester last night to work off accumulated mail, and he was unaccompanied. He did not let the station porters wrest his hand baggage from him, as he spent some time trying to find a small trunk which seemed to have missed his train.

"I'm very tired," he said to an Evening World reporter, "and if I had anything to say I would scarcely know how to say it. It is somewhat embarrassing for a plain railroad man to have to be interviewed as much as I have for the last few days on a subject which is really rather personal to himself."

"I can only repeat that I am very happy and that Miss Gould has not yet fixed a date for our wedding. It is not true that Miss Gould was promoted by the Missouri Pacific in order to give me an opportunity of living in New York. It is true that the office of the assistant to the president, Mr. C. F. Bush, has been moved from St. Louis to New York. I am glad of it. I found the climate of St. Louis rather exacting. I have not yet recovered from the strain of working in such heat as that of last summer."

Mr. Shepard said that he did not know where he should live here. He has not been in New York for sixteen years. He said that, after telephoning to Miss Gould, he would go to the Missouri Pacific offices downtown and look after any accumulated business there and then he should go to New Haven to visit his mother, who is an invalid in the Memorial Hospital there.

Richest Milk Cargo.

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 21.—Four thousand one hundred and fifty bales of raw silk valued at \$2,000,000, the largest and most valuable silk cargo ever brought across the Pacific to Puget Sound, arrived here last night on the steamer Bellerophon from the Orient. The moment the steamer tied up gangs of longshoremen under rush orders began transferring the silk to a special train, which will carry the valuable cargo to New York.

RESTAURANTS.

ROMA 572 6th Ave. Near 50th St. New York's most select. Family Restaurant. Special Table d'Hôte Lunch and Dinner—Dance—Gala.

RIZZO'S 1124 BROADWAY. NEAR 30TH ST. SPECIAL MENU, \$1.00. XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EVE. MUSIC—SINGING.

CANNEY

BUY YOUR CANDIES EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH

ASSORTED HARD CANDIES

ONE-POUND BOXES

SPECIAL MIXED CANDIES

HIGH GRADE ASSORTED CANDIES

IMPORTED FRENCH GLACE FRUITS, NEW CROP JUST ARRIVED; 5-POUND BOXES

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, &c.

30 POUNDS OF "METROPOLITAN" MIXTURE, ABSOLUTELY PURE, WHOLESOME CANDY, AND 60 HALF-POUND BOXES, FOR

30 POUNDS OF THAT OLD-FASHIONED CLEAR CANDY, AND 60 HALF-POUND BOXES, FOR

30 POUNDS OF "MANHATTAN MIXED," CONSISTING OF CHOCOLATES, CARAMELS, CREAMS AND 20 OTHER KINDS, AND 60 HALF-POUND BOXES, FOR

ALL OUR STORES OPEN TO-NIGHT UNTIL 11 O'CLOCK

TO ACCOMMODATE OUR MANY PATRONS ALL OUR STORES WILL OPEN FOR BUSINESS AT 9.30 A. M. TO-MORROW (SUNDAY), THE 22ND.